

RETURNS

Adam Fieled

poems

Zero to One: A Probability Field
Wittgenstein's Song
Concentrate!
What is and What Should Never Be
Hikmet
Something
Rainy Day, Dream Away
Just What I Needed
Gun and Knife
After Andrew Marvell
Rain Fall
Pass
Sisters

ZERO TO ONE: A PROBABILITY FIELD

.0 Potted ferns Brooklyn sunset you in it open window
 you sit before combing your hair thinking of me that I'm here
Philadelphia dull streets dull city I'm "sand grained" thinking
 what if my "sunned" orbit moved to Brooklyn tenderness
 me the shell protecting you as we circle Manhattan with guitars
and songs consecrate to love and beauty singing at the speed of light
 loving at the speed of sound shaded by energy packets concrete
plastic gin and tonic kind bud and our own hardy souls

.1 cell-phone rings you answer your voice has a catch in it
 from crying you're easily moved perhaps I'll move you again
and I do resonant tones that happen when you're "seeing" and it's blue
 a movement (energy transmission in space in a vacuum)
 is initiated Brooklyn and Philly move closer on our maps interior
terrain electron waves reinforce a centered connection you and I
 moving easily around a core we share called emotion

.2 I lie awake feel you with me "arduousness of appearance"
 crossing physical boundaries microscopic & making a difference
something has happened between us no impalpable "thing-in-itself"
 beside your voice playing on this CD you sent me
 you cry out and the cry comes from inside me somehow as if
 we had become one being already somehow space is no
vacuum the night is close and holy what's dark is light
 and vice versa but I can't sleep and my nerves hum

.3 Bonding between artists is like bonding between atoms energy shells

open when the Muse lays down the law of gravity and I am
and you are swayed in its' lull down together so I open yr e-mail
"nothing like the sun", it contains poetry and an invitation
my arms are "rag and boned" they should be full quanta
specific energy surges predictably unsettle when I want peace
the only peace I have is in my imagination of candles
lit on dressers and we're there the neutral bed growing partial

.4 Unlike electrons observed only in groups we know singularity
thus, becoming open receptive as the Book of Changes advises is tough
I can't see through yr eyes though I've tried many times & been wrong
yet this is why I come back to you some primordial mystery you encapsulate
in photons you emit also in a simple smile that's still complex
particularity Polynesian eyes & mouth tough delicacy cheekbones
yr songs are love-songs "in just-Spring" w/ death in them
you're a complete package I haven't totally opened I'm getting there
.5 We make plans (poor people have plans too!) noble poverty
the Chinatown bus only \$20, Philly to NY I at least have that much
you'll meet me in the Village any bar you choose we'll drink
I've vowed to make each moment precious "let us live only for loving"
even if we face energy transmission in a vacuum even if we lose
some sense of continuity when the rush is on and in for the prize
subway kisses New York creates whoever's there out of its' own
ineffable material the thing is to notice the creation and own it

.6 "Hard & moist & moaning" beyond distances struggling to place
divergent strains undertones cadences a dying fall on Avenue A
laughter in Tompkins Square is this what we hoped for maybe
at least I'm with you to whatever degree New York allows harsh mistress
depositing trash internal and external at each doorstep but we
must move through keep our "assets" uncluttered hanging together
like a threaded afghan blue shades red eyes nights fast & slow
and here in your arms I feel upwardly mobile "trade in kisses" is valid at last

.7 Who could've guessed that this would be our expressive arc?
frankly I have no objection any kind of touch heals a seared strip
such charity in your tongue you make me believe body & soul do interconnect
on some meta level far beyond the reach of the abraded Brooklyn streets
which cough up their own phlegm in steel squeaks & clanks outside
inside only this you have made my center a nucleus you dance around
what talent I can never repay you for this interlude except
to whisper sweet things that aren't nothing "endowed with Love's refinement"

.8 Watching you sleep I feel close.... to what I don't know earth, stars
 sun, moon God, rose (God may well indeed be a rose of some sort)
not that their aren't distances yet to be crossed or that we'll cross them all
 by morning but I've learned that in this world any progress is a miracle
any step forward into "not-death" must be treasured inscribed in whatever book
happens to be at hand so I sit at the window & scribble these words
 not ready for the day or anything but more kisses the kiss of sleep
love, life, light immortality wells of secret joy Brooklyn-as-Elysium

.9 You've got to work banal quotidian disaster I wake up alone
 buy coffee at a deli hop the train back into New York something inside me
 has grown older and wiser merely through being your lover I feel
an interior beard grown over my soul's face nothing boyish has lasted
 I can't say you've made a man of me but what we made was as full
as any ripe orchard I think of orchards passing through Washington Square
 old Henry James novels Frank O'Hara's mind caught
in the branches of intellection and devilry I'm deliriously complete as he

1 This is what it means to be intimate the solidity of the intangible settles
 on my kitchen table wherever else I sit & ruminate touch things that
remind me of your body what's done is done and what's done is good
 memories our only permanent possession of course I'll see you again
but this untarnished something can only have happened once in this way
at such an angle that my guts are encompassed in a circular swirl
 of colors and smells and your skin sentiment acceptable for once unforced
love is love is love darling sweet baby honey child yes
 "at the setting of our own brief light we never waken"

WITTGENSTEIN'S SONG

Merely brilliant is no match
for being intimate. When you catch
a wave that breaks, you can only
half-determine its' course. Lonely
is the determined man, whether
it's he who decides his fate or fetters
the world lays on him. This
I learned from a young man's kiss.
Thus, I've learned, said nothing.
To be silent is something
for the wise to practice. Words
go too far. How much have we heard
worth holding onto? How much said
that can placate what we dread?

CONCENTRATE!

laughter rises from (concentrate!) throats
in depths, de profundis; cushions w/ sheets
w/ floral patterns & wind rushes in;

streets surreal w/ coffee-shops (open at eleven),
so we go, get coffee, a brownie, sit
on curb / baltimore ave. near clark park—

we hit it— slides, grim metal
fence, against park-lavatory walls
mary's lips taste like sweet brandy—

here we are; (concentrate!)

WHAT IS AND WHAT

I was up in the stacks, picking at
a scab done in blank verse, I was
gazing blankly at lone/level sands,
I saw you floating in ginger down
aisle after aisle of carrion, carrying
red beacon light from a head halo,
I saw a book suddenly snapped, I
saw you in blurs of blue metaphor,
I was up against you in an aisle, I
took you into a kind of castle that
was really a closet, in castle/closet
we were magically welded to rivers
we were dirt to Browning in greens
catch the wind sail and spin way up
I woke to the sound of rain's gong
I saw that the desert had melted

HIKMET

most remarkable you loved a world
that nailed you like a too-vivid portrait
(red, blue, green) to soot-blackened
walls; that this love kept showing up
in poems like gold-rinded oranges;
that you kept it, always, close at hand.

stuck in thorn-bushes the length
of america, i look for this love
(fruit, flesh) inside myself, find
steel-hewn indifference, implacable,
endless, & america its faithful
mirror (informer, accomplice).

thus, all relation is blocked, unless
i peel you away & swallow your seeds...

SOMETHING

Yet we're stuck on each other,
"somehow." Or, your picture on
my wall (the clothes, the deep
looks, how adorable) signifies
an ambiguity inherent in

love's prosody. Anyway, this
is meant only to be a torn
anemone sent up along
ocean currents to your
door, a way of saying

you're in me "somewhere."
If that's regressive, so be
it, but let no silly man
accuse me of "quietude"—
this longing is loud indeed.

RAINY DAY, DREAM AWAY

It's raining
an incorrigible sky pouts whitely

I never really felt so much before
about the sky, it's "apartness"....

to wake up on such a day is to sleep

I sit, look down on glazed leaves

minute pirouettes a revelation, revolution

sodden air
thick concrete zones
this is a city after all
tire-hiss proves it
coming from down below

after all I'm up high, practically clouded
heavy eye-lids pale shrouds of "what is"
"what is" seems irrelevant data

white curtains drawn across the street
two bodies must be improvising wetly

to sit on such a day is to stand

in a squared circle of derisive un-laughter

who knew the clouds were such serious business

that rain could be so meta-rational

JUST WHAT I NEEDED

Girl behind counter
rings up a pizza, she
is silver-plated under
me later, ribbons muss
her hair into strands,
she talks through it,
there is no sleep in
her, there is only
someone to feed.

GUN AND KNIFE

(after J. Tranter)

"Please, I'm begging you—
don't do it at 3 a.m., when
I'm sleeping, but rather at
high noon, in a public square,
so that everyone can see a
thousand rosy rivulets run
like waterfalls away from
my innards. A sawed-off
shotgun, please, fed to me
like cornbread, what I know
is really best, no need for
a spoon, just shove it in.
Then, when my brain dots
& streaks several unready
awnings, the knife, have it
be long, terrible as angels
dancing & as merciless,
plunge it, deeper, deeper,
so that I feel my aorta
being severed, really feel
it, how shockingly irrevocable,
just like that, so that literal
nothingness becomes my
only reality, which it already
is, which is why I'm begging
you, please, please."

AFTER ANDREW MARVELL

Twelve long years, with the length
of all that time squeezed into a
universe that hovers between us,
as I knock back a third Jack and
Coke and you stir your Jameson,
as our eyes meet and I re-read in
my head what I wrote in a journal
twelve years ago: “two-faced,
mannish, and frigid.” That’s our
universe: words scrawled in the
heat of undecided passion, which
resolved in the submissive caresses
of another. Yet they hover there,
still undecided because I bet you
kept a journal too, and a good
one, and if you didn’t well then
our universe isn’t much, I don’t give
a shit about the coyness that
can’t be squeezed without stress,
and I’ll find another mistress.

RAIN FALL

It is constrained by water-wheels

It is beneath a tide of shorelines

It is in this way I reach out to you

I give you a seal made of pillows

I give you a pledge made of sheets

I want to be buried beneath you

as you move mountains off of

all in us exhausted by rain fall

all in us exhausted

all in us

PASS

It was so silly, she
was at the bar, I
approached her, she
had played that night,
Mike had his sister
there, she hung on
me like mistletoe,
but I approached her
nonetheless, leaving
Mike's sister (this
poem is not meant to
be either racy or
epiphanic, really, it's
a token of a night
on which I paid \$7
for Marlboro Reds in
the East Village), I
approached her and
said "Listen, I just
wanted to tell you
that we've known each
other for six years
and I really always
wanted you," but I
said it like a jest
or a question and she
left, and later Mike's
sister shut us in a
tiny bedroom and the
night was hot, black
as tar, New York in
my nostrils, gunky
musk, that was a night
I couldn't sleep at
all, not one second,
I was lost in a bar
exam I did not pass—

SISTERS

Oh, she was really cute,
but she just doesn't get
it. I mean, she has these
perfect little blue eyes,
and our feet were almost
touching, but she kept
talking about other girls.
It didn't help that I had
to hear her whole stupid
life story about growing
up in fucking Reading.
Now she wants to open
up a shop with sex toys
and a café. I mean, that's
fine, but it was all about
her, I couldn't get a word
in edgewise, and now I
can't go into the bar where
she works because I sort
of don't want to see her.
But I'm still attracted to
her too. I swear to God,
all these fucking hick girls
come to the city and they
can't handle it. I wanted
to tell her, listen, sister,
don't mess around with
a girl that's been around.
You're cute but I could
fuck you over if I wanted
to. I've got skills that you
don't. What's the point?
She'll learn soon enough.

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BIO

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. He has released four print books: *Opera Bufo* (Otoliths, 2007), *When You Bit..* (Otoliths, 2008), *Chimes* (Blazevox, 2009), and *Apparition Poems* (Blazevox, 2010) as well as numerous chaps, e-chaps, and e-books, including *Posit* (Dusie Press, 2007), *Beams* (Blazevox, 2007), and *The White Album* (ungovernable press, 2009). He has work in journals like *Tears in the Fence*, *Great Works*, *The Argotist*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, *Jacket*, on PennSound, in the *&Now Awards Anthology* from Lake Forest College Press, and an essay forthcoming in *Poetry Salzburg Review* from University of Salzburg Press. A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College and an MA from Temple University, where he is completing his PhD.

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